

10.23.1975

Broomweeds have taken over the lowlands of the Shortgrass Country. High stands have covered the valleys and the richest land. Horseback rides through the pastures result in much sneezing and snorting by men and horses; and ragweeds complement the scene. Allergists are going to have to put in trapdoors to process the overflow of patients.

All of our shipping traps are infested. To wean the lambs, the county road grader had to cut paths to the corrals. But the right-of-way proved unnecessary. Internal parasites reduced the lambs' size to the point that they could have been driven through a grape vineyard without problem. Main use of the pathway was to keep our bearing on the drive.

Lambs that were held over are going to have to be custom gathered. I think the best solution will be to invite the San Angelo Bass Club out to catch the light end.

Treble hooks baited with cottonseed meal bait will work on any variety of Shortgrass livestock. Forty pounds of mutton lambs on eight-pound test line will give a good fight. I'd think the sportsmen would crave the excitement; I'm positive we'd appreciate the help.

Sheepdogs in sufficient numbers could be substituted for fishermen. I estimate that 75 or 80 dogs could clean 200 acre feet of broomweed country a day.

The dogs would need to be put on leashes. After they had been led through the weeds a couple of times, they'd be coughing hard enough to scare the lambs to clear ground.

Coffee house stories have it that a company is working on extracting the oil from broomweeds to make motor fuel. I also heard, but did not see, that an old boy south of the ranch got \$100 for a load of No. 1 broomweeds.

His deal does not establish a market. He's so lucky that he could run over a coon in the county road and the next day fur dealers would be bidding four bits more per hide on coonskins.

People who find pearls in their oysters stew ought to be put in colonies by themselves. Lottery winners, in my opinion, are the scourge of this cold earth. I stopped a long time ago listening to the mother lode stories of daily double takes and gold plated strikes on the stock exchange.

Losers make the best friends in the final windup. Good fellowship found around a bunch of broke cow herders will beat any gathering in town.

The broomweed trader had to drive through our ranch to spend his \$100. I guess our weeds were too light or too heavy to fill his contract. He'd have wanted to shrink them for being too green or penalize them for being too leafy. I'm glad he didn't stop. Our business is selling sheep and cattle, not peddling broomweeds.

Broomweeds would make a cheap source of energy. Volkswagon owners could spin around with a firebox fueled on weeds.

Prospecting for them would be easy. All it would take would be a single engine plane to find a field that'd make Saudi Arabia's production look like an oilcan that grandma would use to grease her sewing machine.

Geologists and petroleum engineers could take a vacation. Cowboys can find broomweeds. It's sheep in broomweeds that they can't find.

Frost will be uncover the lambs. I keep watching for them to come out for water and air.

Good broomweed farmers may be the vogue of the next decade. Big laughs were had, you know, when the first oil was discovered in Pennsylvania.